

VOTA,
NON BELLA.

NeVV-CastLe's
Heartle GratVLation
TO HER
SaCreD SoVeraIgn
KIng CharLes The SeConD ;
ON
HIsnoVV-GLorIoVs RestaVratIon
To HIs BIrth-rIght-PoVVVer.

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VOTA,

NON BELLA, &c.

OH Thou, the High and Lofty Holy-One,
 Who in that dazzling light hast set thy Throne,
 To which no Eagle-eye approach can make,
 Nor *Jacobs*-Staff it's altitude can take,
 Bow, bow the Heavens, and come down and dwell
 Amidst the Prayſes of thine *Iſraël*.

My Loyall Phancy with thy Beamings fill,
 And ſparkle Day-light from my Nighted Quill
 Through all the Crannies of our Hemi-ſphere,
 And with thy ſmiles kiſs up each dewy Tear !
 Re-briſke the Spirits which are almoſt ſpent,
 And Cure us by our Wound, a *Parlament* !

May I presume amongst the glistering Train
 Of *Britain's* fairest Nymphs (*Dread Sovereign!*)
 On humble Knee to kiss Your Royall Hand,
 And Joy You welcome to Your Native Land?

The Southern Ladies now (I know) will dresse
 Themselves in all their pretty gaudinessse ;
 Richly perfum'd with breath of *Maia's* flow'r's,
 Catch'd from their sweet Lungs after dewy show'r's :
 And croud the Treasures of the bi-fork'd Hill
 Into th'Alembique of some Golden Quill ;
 Then, raptur'd with a Sacred Fire, from thence
 Drop in Your Princely Ears Loves Quintessence
 In High-born Strains of Poëtry, which shall
 Immertallize Your Great Memoriall.

Nay, Phoenix-like (methinks) I see them bring
Arabian Spices on their nimble Wing,
 And build a Pile ; which on Your New-birth-day
 Kindly aspected by Your Solar Ray,
 Becomes a Royall Bon-fire, in whose flashes
 They gloriously expire ; yet 'midst those Ashes
 A Seed is couch'd, which, influenc'd by You,
 A self-born Phœnix yearly doth renew.

Whilst I, black Northern Lasse, from *Kedar's* Tents
 Approach Your Court with no such Fragrant Scents :
 Nor

Nor can I Greet You in a Golden Strain,
 Whose finest Metall runs through a *Cole Vein*,
 My dangling tresses of a deep-dark brown,
 By ruffling *Boreas* tufted up and down,
 With Musk nor Amber doe em-breathe the Air,
 Like our young Gallants in their Curled Hair,
 Befring'd with Atoms Aromaticall;
 Save *Coale dust-powder*, I have none at all.

Yet (Royall SIR!) daign me this onely Grace,
 To be a Black-patch on some Beauties Face;
 And so (perhaps) like darker foyle, I may
 Cause sparkling Diamonds shine with brighter ray.
Venus her self is proud of her brown Mole;
 I have my spot too, 'tis a good round Cole:
 This sets me off, and makes me Penny-fair;
 White Swans are common, but a Black one Rare.

And such a *Bird* upon *Tyne's Banks* shall sing
 In Loyal Notes, *God save Great CHARLES our KING!*
 Heav'n fix his Crown! may He successfull prove,
 And sit Enthroned in His Peoples love!
 May our *Latonian* Lamps still happy shine,
 And never meet in the Ecliptick Line!
 May *CHARLES*, our Sun (who from the Eld of dayes,
 And King of Kings derives His Sov'raign Rayes;
 Ev'n from the Sacred Fount of Orient Light)
 Scatter the Juncto of the black-brow'd Night

With

With His Majestique Presence, and cashier
 The Foggy Mists out of our Hemi-sphere !
 May He trans-pierce with Justice-darting Eyes
 The Murders, Rapines, Treasons, Blasphemies,
 That have been Acted on Great *Britain's* Stage,
 By the Scene-servers of this Masqued Age :
 Whil'st they re-guild each weather-beaten Front,
 That has true Loyalty enstamp'd upon't !
 May He not cease Benignly to aspe&#t
 The *Parlament* ; our Moon, that does reflect
 No self (but borrow'd) Lustre ; whether she
 Be in her *Apo*-or her *Peri-ge* !
 May she (kind Heav'ns !) still in the Full appear,
 But never A&#t beyond her proper Sphere !
 Or justle *Phœbus*, or with her long Train
 Presume hereafter to mount *CHARLES's* Wain !
 And let that Tongue ne'r coyn a sound agen,
 That will not play the Clerk, and say, *Amen*.

For though (by reason of a duskie slough
 That over-casts the surface of my Brow)
 I cannot shew so smooth a white-skinnd hue
 As other Madams, yet my Heart's as true ;
 Who, could they through those *secret Chambers* glance,
 Might thence take Copies of Allegiance.
 Nay, he that runs may Reade how with my blood
 To *Faith's Defender* I still faithfull stood.

Scotland

Scotland can witness (to her cost) that I
 Mis-kenn'd her double-faced Mercury ;
 When as the Brother-hood with rev'rend paws
 Was called in, t'uphold the Dying Cause.

Her num'rous Army, which about me lay
 With Bag and Baggage to divide the Prey,
 Ne'r scar-crow'd me : but stoutly I did stand
 Ev'n with a handfull (till the utmost Sand)
 To vindicate my Trust : and when my Wall
 Earth-quak'd with Powder, on the ground did sprawl,
 My Loyalty ne'r shook ; for well I knew,
 Who then expir'd, straight way to Heaven flew,
 Each with his Tomb-stone, that some Angel might
 Their Epitaphs to Everlasting write.

Eft-soon (like *Job*) upon a Dunghil I
 Was set, uncas'd of all my bravery :
 Yet I embrac'd it with a chearfull smile,
 And thought my self Enthroned all the while ;
 Triumphant in my change of Rags, which were
 A Badge of Honour to a Cavalier.

On my first Love my Eye was ever bent,
 Though churlish Keepers did my hand prevent ;
 Forcing my Purse (not Heart) strings to dilate,
 And tribute pay to their *Utopian* State.

Our Holy Mother, shoulder'd out of dore
 By graceless Sons (who call'd her Romish Whore,

Of

Of all her Sacred Ornaments be-strip'd her,
 And (hie for shame!) from post to pillar whip'd her,
 With Scorpion-tagged points, which pierc'd so deep,
 That through each Pore her bleeding soul did weep)
 I revenged, as I was wont to do;
 Nay, bow'd my Knee, and Ask'd her Blessing too:
 Which out of fashion with their duties grew,
 Who left the Old-way to seek out a New.
 But 'tis not strange, our Mother they despight,
 Sith they [*Our Father*] have forgotten quite.

I griev'd to think, her Seamless Coat was rent,
 And our good Shepherds into corners sent.
 Grave, Learned Fathers (such my Eyes have seen
 Call'd fore some Gifted Brethren of Nineteen,
 To be new Chatechiz'd about their Graces,
 Or else to quit their more-examin'd Places)
 Once grac'd my Pulpits, whence my ravish'd Ear
 The lively Oracles might freely Hear:
 But they were silenc'd, or else whisper'd small,
 When *Jeroboam's* Priests began to bawle;
 Crossing my Worship with an Harp-set Note,
 Which of their Masters they had got by Rote.
 Brave *Oliver*! still sat upon their Lip,
 With his Encomiums their Tongues they tip:
 But will not learn (till forc'd to't by the Rod)
 How to Pronounce, *CHARLES* by the Grace of God.
 I must

I must confess, 'tis but my usuall fate,
 To have like Minister, like Magistrate :
 Whose Rampant Zeal has made me Couchant lie,
 Scarce suffering me to look with half an Eye
 (For many years) towards the Royall Race;
 Till that good MONCK unvail'd his lucky Face.
 A Face ! which, when it bo-pee'd through his hood,
 Gave us some glimpses of our future good :
 Our day 'gan break, which long had hid 'its Head,
 And Lambert's shadow's on a sudden fled.
 'Twixt hope and fear with looks distract we sit,
 Not knowing well how this great Change may hit :
 Sometimes our Spirits frisk, and doe presage,
 That GEORGE will bring again the Golden Age :
 When straight surprized with a Counter-blast,
 The Scene is changed, and we droop as fast.
 Our Leaves (like *Heliotropes*) we spread or close,
 As GEORGE his Cloud, or light, some Pillar shows.
 But, once full-Orbed with a Sov'raign ray,
 Our Night was turn'd into a Glorious Day.

The Free-born People (ne'r till then made free)
 Shook off their Slave-ships, and cry'd *Jubilee*.
 Knights of the Noble Garter (then) all were ;
 For on his breast each man a GEORGE did bear.
 Th'Imperiall City (which of late has bin
 A Cage for unclean birds to nestle in ;

As Scriech-Owles, Harpyes, Cormorants, and those
Bloud-thirsty Vultures, *Nol* for Judges chose
Of his accursed Slaughter-house) was then
A gen'rall Rendezvous of honest men.

How was she ravish'd, when her dazled Eye
Saw *CHARLES* and *Phœbus* both in *Gemini*!

Thrice-happy City! whose first stone ('tis said)
In the ascendent Twins was fairly laid :
Now more than happy! sit in the same Sign
Heav'n fix'd the Head-stone of the *STUART's* Line.
(A try'd and pretious stone, all wonder-wrought,
Though by pretending builders set at nought)
Whil'st that three Kingdoms joyn'd in Confort, cry
Grace, Grace unto it : oh, sweet Harmony!
You Sister-Nymphs, who play your learned prancks
On *Grant* and *Istis* flow'r-enamel'd Banks!
Who with your speaking Eyes can complement
The scaly Fry out of their Element ;
And cause the Streams smooth-gliding to advance,
And take the murm'ring Pebbles out to dance
To your sweet Lyrick touch! who can in-voice
The trembling Leaves, and make the Trees rejoyce :
Recant your fawning *Proteſtorian* Notes,
And to an higher Key skrew up your Throats,
Your warbling Tongues re-tune, let her be shent
Who to that bloody Tyrant darst present

Her

Her [*Olive Branch of Peace* :] may that foul crime
Hereafter ne'r attain't her Nobler Rhyme !

Our *CHARLES* is born again ! your Fancies searfe,
And once more measure His Genethliack Verse.

Twelve-times *Hyperion* at each Sign has hoasted
(Whilst through the *Zodiack* his Chariot posted)
Since that Great Britain travelled in pain,
To be Deliver'd of a *Sovereign*.

The starred Peers, with some of Royall Kin,
And Loyall Gentry oft were Called-in
To her hard Labour, but in vain did play
The active Midwives 'fore th'appointed day.
For the Great Dragon (known by his Red Nose)
With force and cunning did the work oppose ;
Still ready to devour, a-front he stood,
And from his mouth cast out a purple flood,
Whose raging and impetuous stream bore down
Law's and Relion's Bancks in ev'ry Town ;
Ingulphing their Estates, Lives, Liberties,
Who were engaged in the Enterprize.
'Twas Treason for to cast a pitying Eye
On her in this her great extremity ;
Her throws grew sharp, her bones seem'd out of joynt,
She faints and swoonds, each minute at death's point,
She sweats and shricks, her body's on the Rack,
Yet who so hardy, as to hold her Back ?

Slingsby miscarri'd, *Hewit* lost his head,
'Cause he stood by her in the time of need.

As big as she can tumble, then she cries,
Help, help (*good Neighbours*) with your *quick* supplies!
I'm almost spent, yet doe not give me over;
Were I once layd, my strength would soon recover.

Kind *Cheshire* quickly heard her piteous moan,
(Enough to melt an heart hew'd out of stone
Into a fount of Tears) nor does she spare
Her dearest bloud to Usher in the *Heir*.

She *knocks* up *Booth*, who with his Loyall hand,
Is ready straight to lend his helping hand:
But, whil'st that others doe too tardy rise,
(Wiping the slumber from their half-shut Eyes)
They are surprized, and he forc'd to flie,
And leave poor *Britain* in the Straw to lie.

And thus she lay! affrighted and forlorn;
No hopes at all a Saviour would be born:
Till Heav'n imploy'd that Noble Instrument,
And from the North St. *GEORGE* on-Horse-back sent
T'obstetricate; whose Journey scarce was don,
When she began to Travell with a Son;
The happy issue of her Pray'rs and Tears,
Which had besieged the Almighty's Ears.

GEORGE made no vaunts, yet gave encouragement;
Gentle and rough, still in a Mist he went;

Till

Till all was ready for a work so great,
 Then step'd in *GEORGE*, and did the Noble feat ;
 Brought her to Bed, which none before could do ;
 Nay, sav'd the Darling, and the Mother too :
 Whose sudden joy made her (by a sweet fate)
 The Act of *Amnesty* to antedate.

Whole Volleys (straight) of Acclamations pierce
 The Ecchoing Air, another Universe
 Crouds *London's* streets, to see this strange *new thing*,
 The Reall Presence of their twice-born *KING*.
 The Bells, in-soul'd by some Intelligence,
 Awaited then no Ringers to commence
 The welcome Changes, but their Clappers ply,
 Returning Thanks for her Delivery.
 Th'Angelick Quire dismounted roundly (then)
 And in their Anthems bare a Part with Men.
 Of all the Set, the Organs mourn'd that day,
 Their Pipes were stop'd so hard, they could not play.
 The People, tickled with the Noble Sounds,
 Could scantly keep their souls i'th'bodie's bounds ;
 Some toss'd their Caps, which in mixt dances hover
 Above their heads ; no need to bid, Uncover.
 On flexed Knees some for *His* health did Pray,
 Whil'st in full Bowles some drink their own away.
 Some clap their hands, who in the tyding throngs
 Puffing and swelting, had quite lost their tongues.

Some

Some 'bout the crackling Bonfires shout and sing,
 And pretty Babes lisp'd out, *A King! A King!*
 Oh! what a goodly sight! what wondring Eyes!
 What leaping Hearts; to see our Sun arise
 In *His* full strength, and lift *His* beaming Head
 From off the Pillow of *His* Sea-green bed!
Phosphor'd by *GEORGE*, be-Duk'd on either hand;
 Before, behind the Glory of the Land,
 Like Planets moving in their glistring Spheres,
 Whil'st *CHARLS*, like *Phœbus*, in the mids appears,
 In bloudless Triumph Riding to *His* Throne:
 For *HE* makes Conquest of our Hearts alone.

Then I, (who whilom scarce a *CHARLS* durst name,
 Enforc'd to shroud the Loyall-mounting Flame
 In Ashie Weeds) brake forth in vari'd Joy,
 Descanting boldly on, *Vive Le R O Y*.

St. *GEORGE* no more shall (now) a Romance be,
 But our best Story (*MONCK!*) made good in Thee:
Thou hast out-vy'd him, may thy Sword ne'r fail,
 That did (unsheath'd) dis-Rumpe the Dragon's tail;
 Whose fiery swinge, as round-about it went,
 Our brightest Stars struck from the Firmament.
 Oh, for a *Virgil* now! whose *Skilfull* Quill
 With new *Georgicks* might our Country fill:
 Whil'st I opprest with *CHARLES* his crowding glory,
 Leave After-ages for to write *His* Story!

And

And now (Great Monarch!) lest my longer stay
 Should fright the Ladies at Your Court away,
 (Whose dainty stomachs will, *I know*, disdain
 The poor provision of my courser brain)
 Unto my smutchy Cell I will retire,
 And what I cannot utter, there admire.

I'll sit me down, and wonder how You made
 (O're-come at *Worster*, not to say, Betray'd
 By such, who sold th' *Anointed of the Lord*)
 Your blest escape from *Cromwell's* thirsty Sword,
 That curst *Nimrodean* Hunter! whose *keen Pack*
 Of quick-nos'd Bloud-hounds travers'd ev'ry track,
 Beat ev'ry Bush, through this and t'other Wood,
 To find Your steps, and suck Your Sacred Blood;
 Yet lost their game: Amazed then I'll stand,
 To *think*, how in the hollow of his hand
 God hid Your Royall Self, and let none see,
 When You took Sanctuary in a Tree.
 My weeping Eye Your Flittings shall review,
 And in Your exile go along with You.
 I'll draw an abstract of *Your* many dangers,
 By *Your* own Country-men, false Friends & Strangers,
 Of Robbers, Waters, and the fearfull Deep,
 In City, Wilderness, awake, asleep.

Then, on the Counter-part my Rapted Soul,
 With Pencil dipt in some *Castalian* Bowle,

Shall

Shall limne a Land-scape of God's gracious Care,
His Love and Mercies, Various, Rich and Rare.

Both in Your Banishment and Restauration
To *Your* returning People of this Nation,
You were be-miracled, and may be said,
In *Hieroglyphicks* to be all arrai'd.

From *You* our happy *Æra* shall commence,
Who were the Master-piece of Providence.

OH, let us not (good Lord!) let us no more,
Instead of one just Monarch serve Five-score
Usurping Kinglings! keep us all entire,
Rending the Son what we deny'd the Sire.
Restore in *CHARLES* our Church, Laws, Liberties,
And make our Hearts a willing Sacrifice!
Let us no more Revolt, but have a care,
How we conspire against the Lawfull Heir!
That blest with Peace and Plenty, we may sing,
Glory to God on High for Our Good KING!

- Tetastichon.

*Ultima magnarum Prognostica Linea rerum,
Quæ CAROLI Primi finitur Regis Imago,
In Facie Reducis legitur perfecta Secundi;
Nato Vota dabunt, Patri quæ Bella negârunt.*

FINIS.

